THE CHILD'S PAPER

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

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For The Child's Paper.

SNOW-BIRDS.

"The birdies, the birdies, how chipper are they;
How early they 're out on this cold winter's day.
Are they picking their breakfast, or only at play?

"No sock and no shoes on their little bare toes;
Oh dear, I should think they would almost be froze.
Do you think where they are their dear mamma knows?

"I know you are hungry; the worms are a-bed,
All snugly tucked up in their snow coverlid,
And long, long will it be before cherries are red."

"My dear little girl, I 'm well off as can be;
A coat of warm feathers, that suits to a T,
The good Father on high has put on little me,
And I sing him my thanks in Chick-a-dee-dee.

"The fowls of the air and the fish of the sea
He feeds day by day—what a big family;
And if each has a slice no smaller than me,
Let him join in our thanks, Chick-a-dee-dee-dee."

WASHINGTON.

When Washington was thirteen years old, he wrote down fifty-seven "Rules of Behavior in Company and Conversation."

They show his great anxiety to improve himself. Some of these rules the young of our day will do well to adopt. I will copy some.

"In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet."

"Mock not or jest at any thing of importance."

"Use no reproachful language against any one, neither curse nor swear."

"Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings set neatly, and clothes handsomely."

"Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise."

"Speak not evil of the absent."

"Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals; feed not with greediness; cut your bread with a knife; lean not on the table; neither find fault with what you eat."

"Be not angry at table; be cheerful, for good humor makes one dish of meat a feast."

"When you speak of God or his attributes, let it be seriously, in reverence. Honor and obey your natural parents, though they be poor."

"Let your recreations be manful, not sinful."

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

THE WILL.

A little Irish boy, one day going to school with his Bible under his arm, was met by a minister, who asked him what book he had there.

"It is a will, sir," said the boy.

"What will?" asked the minister.

"The last will and testament that Jesus Christ left to me, and to all who wish to claim a title to the property therein left," said the boy.

"What did Jesus Christ leave you in that will?" asked the minister.

"A kingdom, sir."

"Where does that kingdom lie?"

"It is the kingdom of heaven, sir."

"And do you expect to reign as a king there?"

"Yes, sir; as a joint-heir with Christ."

"And will not every person get there as well as you?"

"No, sir; none can get there but those that claim their title to that kingdom upon the ground of the will."

The minister who spoke to the boy was one who daily read the Bible himself, and wished children to go to school where it was read; he was so much pleased with the boy's answer, that he said, "Indeed, you are a good little boy: take care of that book in which God gives you such precious promises; believe what he has said, and you will be happy here, and hereafter." Let us follow out the little boy's thought, and say,

"When from the dust of earth I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea—
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me."

COMMON PATHS.

"It sometimes seems to us a poor thing to walk in these common paths wherein all are walking. Yet these common paths are the paths in which blessings travel; they are the ways in which God is met. Welcoming and fulfilling the lowest duties which meet us there, we shall often be surprised to find that we have unawares been welcoming and entertaining angels."

"I just now met Mr. Bushe on the North Parade, who told me there was very bad news; but I did not ask about it, and *I dare not open a paper on the Lord's day*," said Wilberforce. Was that being too strict? No. "Them that honor me, I will honor."

THE CHILD'S PAPER.

When I was a little girl, almost all the children's books were fairy tales, or silly untruths, not worth reading, and I used to wish that instead of the old leather-bound books in my father's bookcase, and the dull-looking newspapers, I could have good *children's books and papers*, filled with pictures and reading that I could understand.

Little did I think then that my wish would some day be accomplished, and that more than I had ever dreamed of would be fulfilled. The wonderful inventions of our times, and the powerful steam-engine, all guided and set in operation by loving Christian hearts, have given us a paper which would have delighted the eyes of princes and princesses in those days; and yet the poorest child in this country can have it for ten cents a year. Dear children, when you look at this snow-white, glossy sheet, and the beautiful engravings, forget not to thank God for your many blessings. Remember that in your father's day a paper like this could not have been made. If shown in a shop-window, it would have drawn a crowd of wondering people.

When you are detained from church by sickness or bad weather, and get out your back numbers and bound volumes of The Child's Paper, and feast your eyes with the pictures, and delight yourself with the stories, think of the many children who have no such comfort, but spend their Sabbaths in idleness, which always ends in sin.

The way to show true gratitude to God for this sweet monthly treasure, is to get other children or their friends to subscribe for The Child's Paper, and if necessary save your own pocket money, and give it to send the paper to the many destitute children near you and scattered throughout the country. This will be a *thank-offering*, which will be acceptable in the sight of Him from whom all your blessings flow.

M. E. W.

For The Child's Paper.

HOOKING.

As I was talking with a boy the other day, his attention seemed turned towards two other boys on the opposite side of the way. "Those fellows have been hooking," he said. "Hooking! what's that?" "Oh, taking things," he answered, half smiling. "I do not understand you." "Why, stealing, only the boys don't call it so." "What do they hook?" "Any thing they can lay their hands on—nuts, books, mittens, old iron, any thing. Some of the things they take to an old shed, no matter where, and have real fun sometimes."

"Well, is that right, Augustus?" I asked. "No, sir," he answered, very decidedly. "I think it is no more or less than downright stealing, only they don't call it so." "And the receiver is as bad as the thief," said I, looking him straight in the face. "Yes, sir, that's what I tell them, for there are boys who will take the spoils, but are afraid to hook. I call that mean."

"And what share do you have, Augustus, besides knowing about it?" I asked. "None, sir." I'll have nothing to do with such skulking business. I know too well, 'Thou shalt not steal.' The boys don't call it stealing; it's only hooking, they say; but it's the same thing."

"Who are they?" I asked. "Oh, I can't turn informer," he said; "but you could not guess in a day who some of the boys are—some from your Sabbath-school." "Don't you think they ought to be stopped? Do you think it is best for them to grow up finished thieves?" Augustus looked sad. "I wish you would talk or write about it," he said. "I have been wanting you to know it, so as to tell boys exactly what it is, and what the consequences will be. I spoke my mind square up, and I stopped two boys. You see, while they called it hooking, they did n't think 't was wrong, only a little fun; but when I called it real stealing, it frightened them. It's getting boys to call things by their right names, sir."

Yes, that is of vital importance; for sin always tries to hide its worst features. When Satan tempts you to do wrong, he always means to deceive you by a show of something better. Sin is really a very bitter pill, and so he sugars it over before he gives it you to swallow. This was the way he overcame Eve in the garden of Eden. He did not openly advise disobedience to God; he was too cunning for that; but he said there was no harm in only tasting a little of the fruit: it was very good; let her try and see. She did try and see. And you know the consequences. God says, "*Woe* unto them which call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter."

Be sure, boys, there is something wrong when you try to cloak your actions under false names. God is not mocked in that way. The laws will not be mocked in that way. They strip off all disguises. If "hooking" is taking things which don't belong to you, it is stealing; and boys who do it are serving an apprenticeship in thieving. A mean, miserable, wicked business.

For The Child's Paper

OLD PETER.

Peter was an old sailor. A vessel in which he once shipped was struck by lightning, and one of his shipmates was killed. It sobered Peter. It made him think, he said, of the judgment-day. He went to his locker, and took out his Bible. "I want to find the Pilot that can weather me through that storm," said Peter; "it's scary business, shipmates, to find us on a lee-shore there, with the rocks of our sins right 'longside, and hell yawning not far off."

Peter took to his Bible. He did not make much headway until he came into port, and went straight to a Bethel, or sailor's church, which he did as soon as he was off duty.

"I want to find the good Pilot," said Peter to the minister after service.

"The great Captain of your salvation, Jesus Christ," said the minister; "he 's here. He 's nigh to every poor sinner that calls upon him."

"I 'm one on 'em," said Peter, the tears streaming down his sunburnt cheeks, "and I want to ship in his service. I am pretty near waterlogged in my sins; I ha' n't any chart, compass, or anchor, and I 'm drifting to perdition. I want the Pilot that went to the fishing-smack on Galilee, and said to the skipper when he was well-nigh sinking, 'It is I; be not afraid.' How shall I get at him?"

"Down on your knees, Peter, and pray; tell him just how you feel, and just what you want, and don't give up or put off till you find him; for he says himself, 'Ask, and you shall receive; seek, and you shall find.'"

Peter and the minister knelt down to pray in the Bethel, for the people had gone, and Peter cried mightily unto the Lord. "Save me, Lord, or I perish," was the burden of his prayer.

And the next time his shipmates saw Peter, he really seemed a "new man." Some people say you cannot get religion in a minute; but the fact is, it does not take God long to pardon your sins, if you only are honestly setting out to get them pardoned. It does not take long for a man to tack about, when he once sees he is on the tack of ruin. "Right about" from a bad road to a good road may be done as fast as steps can carry you; but it can't be done without the *first* step, and that is really the decisive, the most important step of all. "Turn, sinner, turn." "Ye shall seek me and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart." And God will forgive a poor sinner, and receive him to favor, and make him one of his people, just as soon as he does this. So that "getting religion," as some people call it, or being saved from the dreadful consequences of your sins by the blood of Jesus Christ, who died "the just for the unjust," may be, and really is a very short work; it is a simple act on your part—a childlike giving up of yourself to God. This is what the penitent thief on the cross did; and he had time to do no more. Building up a religious character indeed takes time; it is the growth of months and years.

Well, from that time Peter was "a new man." People saw that he was indeed the old weather-beaten tar he was before, but a changed spirit was in the man. Instead of the swearing, drinking, reckless, spending old Peter, he was clean-mouthed, sober, humble, anxious to have every body else ship in the same service he had.

"Don't put it off," he used to say. Testament in hand, he is talking to an old sailor. "I must take time to think of it," says he. "To think of what?" cried old Peter; "whether you are a sinner? You know you are. Whether you 'll be lost if you die as you are? You know you will. Whether the Lord Jesus can save you? You know he can. Breakers are ahead. Your anchors wont hold you. *Don't put it off.*"

"I am not so bad as you think; I am not so bad as others," says another.

"But you are bad enough," cries old Peter. "The best sinner on earth is too bad for heaven. One sin ruined Adam. You are drifting, God knows where. This calm is dreadful. Your keel will soon ground on the rocks. Would that you would cry out now, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' A storm is brewing. Hail the great Pilot. Don't put it off."

Old Peter loved the young people. "Bless God that you are young," he used to say. "'They that seek me *early* shall find me.' The great Captain of our salvation loves the young. Ship in his service, boys. 'Remember *now* thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not.' Then your rudder never 'll snap; you 'll never drag your anchors; the devil's craft will never run into you. Ship in His service, boys, and *don't put it off.*"

For The Child's Paper.

THE BOY WHO BROKE HIS MOTHER'S HEART.

I went into the "Tombs," or the New York city prison, yesterday, and saw a great many things to make me very sad; but none that excited my sympathies more than a poor weeping woman, who stood looking into one of the cells containing three or four boys from nine to twelve years old. One of those boys was her own and her eldest son; she was a widow, and her husband, who was a sailor, had been dead several years.

I spoke to this heart-stricken mother, and inquired into the cause of her sorrows. "Oh, sir," said she, "my boy is here in prison for stealing. Oh if he were dead and in his coffin, I could bear that; but to have him here in a felon's cell, this breaks my heart. I tried to keep him in, but he would go out into the streets, and there he got into bad company; I warned and entreated him, but he would not do as I wanted him to, and now he is here in this dreadful place!"

No wonder that this mother wept; no wonder that she could not be comforted. Here in a horrid prison, in which were shut up scores of thieves and other bad men and boys, was her own child, the babe that she had nursed and kissed with the love that a mother only knows; the babe that she had a thousand times rocked to sleep singing a lullaby; for whom she had in sickness watched

and wept and slept not, and to clothe and feed him had sewed till midnight hours had come. That babe, in rags and disgrace, could now be spoken to only through an iron grating, even by his mother. Poor woman, I did pity her. I wept with her, and tried to soothe her anguish.

Let me ask those who read this story, how it is with you. Are you kind and obedient to your mother? Do you mind her quickly and pleasantly when she speaks to you? Do you never disobey her? Or are you like the boy who broke his mother's heart? No matter how old you are, *be careful, O be very careful you don't break your mother's heart.* You will never know in this world how much you owe your mother—how much she has endured and suffered for you. But if you are spared to live until you are grown up, and that dear mother shall live for you to bury her, if you are unkind and disobedient to her now, how will you feel when you come to kiss her cold face for the last time before you cover her from your sight? When I see a boy or girl disobedient and unkind to a mother, I greatly fear they will come to some wretched end.

Selected for The Child's Paper.

GAP IN THE WALL.

About this time, says Bunyan, the state and happiness of the poor Christian people at Bedford thus came to me. I saw as if they were on the sunny side of some high mountain, there refreshing themselves with the pleasant beams of the sun, while I was shivering and shrinking in the cold, afflicted with frost, snow, and dark clouds. Methought also, between them and me I saw a wall that did compass about this mountain. Now through this wall my soul did greatly desire to pass, to go into the very midst of them, and there comfort myself with the heat of their sun. About this wall I went again and again, still praying as I went, to see if I could find some way or passage by which I might enter therein, but none could I find for some time. At last I saw, as it were, a narrow gap, like a little door-way, in the wall, through which I tried to pass. Now the passage being very strait and narrow, I made many efforts to get in, but all in vain, even until I was well-nigh quite beat out with trying; at last, with great striving, I at first did get my head in, and after that, by a sidelong striving, my shoulders, and my whole body; then I was exceeding glad, and went and sat down in the midst of them, and so was comforted with the light and heat of their sun.

Now this mountain and wall were thus made out to me. The mountain signified the church of the living God; the sun that shone thereon, the comfortable shining of his merciful face on them that were therein; the wall, I thought, was the wall that did make separation between Christians and the world; and the gap which was in the wall, I thought was Jesus Christ, who is the way to God the Father; and as the passage was wonderful narrow, it showed that none could enter into life but those that were in downright earnest, for here was only room for body and soul, but not for body and soul and sin.

ELLE AND THE TRACT PRIMER.

Mr. C. B——, a colporteur at the West, says, "A year ago I spent the Sabbath with a family whose little son Elle was three years old. He was so pleased with the Tract Primer, that he began to learn the alphabet, and soon learned to read. He then began to go to the Sabbath-school, and was anxious to attend; but he was taken sick, and after two days his spirit went to God who gave it. A few days since, I called there again, and the little safe in which he kept his pennies was brought to me. It contained forty-five cents, which were given to me to distribute the Tract Primer among poor children, with the hope that it would be as useful to them as it had been to Elle."

"Strike me, but don't curse my mother," is a saying among the Mandingoes, a tribe of Africans. They resent any thing said against their mothers, however small, much quicker than any insult offered to themselves.

For The Child's Paper.

A TEETOTALER.

Jack was the name of a very bright monkey. One day seeing his master and his associates drinking, and very fond of doing what he saw others do, he took up half a glass of whiskey and drank it off. He soon began to hop, skip, jump, and tumble as he had never done before. Poor Jack was drunk. The men around thought it was fine fun; but Jack did not, for the next day, when they wanted the fun repeated, he lay in one corner of his box, and would not come out. "Come out," cried his master. Afraid to disobey, he came walking on three legs, one paw pressed against his forehead, as if he had a violent headache. After he got well, his master again brought him to the table. As soon as he saw the glasses, he skulked behind a chair; and on his master ordering him to drink, he bolted out of the window, and was on the housetop in a minute. They called him down, but he would not, not he. Jack did not mean to get into a drunken scrape a second time. His master shook a whip at him. Jack did not care for that. A gun was then pointed at him. Jack was afraid of a gun. With one bound he leaped on the chimney, and getting down the flue, held on by his fore paws. He would rather be singed than drink. Jack triumphed, and though his master kept him for twelve years, he could never be induced to touch another drop of spirit.

It is often said of persons who get drunk, that they "drink like beasts." There is no truth or propriety in such an expression. Beasts drink water when they are thirsty. They have no taste for any thing stronger; neither do they ever *learn* to have such a taste. If all the men and women would do as well as the *beasts* in this respect, we should not have *one* drunkard in our country.

"For many years," said Luther, "I have read the Bible twice a year. It is a tree, large, tall, and bushy, and all its words are so many branches and boughs. There is not one of these boughs, not one of these twigs, which I have not shaken to see if any thing was to be found there; and I have always discovered, even on the most tender branch, three or four apples, three or four pears fall into my hands."

For The Child's Paper

THE INFANT JESUS.

How did any body know that Jesus, who was born in a stable, was the Son of God? That night, while shepherds were tending their flocks in the fields, a bright angel came to them. They were much afraid at first. "Fear not," said the angel, "I have good news for you. God has sent his Son from heaven to save you from your sins. He is a babe now in a manger at Bethlehem." Then a great many angels in the sky began to sing songs of praise to God for his great goodness to man. The shepherds left their sheep, and ran to Bethlehem to find the child; and when they saw him, they told every body that it was the Son of God. How did they know? people asked. The angels told them, they said. How surprised people were.

Not long after, some wise men from a great distance came to Jerusalem. They asked, "Where is the Son of God? We have brought him rich presents, for he is a king." How did they know he was born? God hung a new star in the sky, and bade them follow it. When King Herod heard what they came for, he was much troubled. He called the learned men together, and asked if God had told where his Son was to be born. They said, "Yes; in the town of Bethlehem," for it was so written in the Scriptures. Then the king secretly sent for the wise men and told them, and he said, "When you have found him, bring me word, that I may go and worship him also."

The wise men left, and followed the star until it stopped over a house in Bethlehem; and they went in, and found the young child and Mary his mother. Very, very glad were they. And they gave him their presents, and fell down before him, and praised and worshipped him. God told them in a dream not to go back and tell Herod, but to go home some other way.

God knew that Herod did not love his Son, or mean to worship him. Herod was a very wicked man, and did not want any body to be king but himself, not even the Son of God. He wanted to kill this babe. He was angry when he found the wise men did not come back to tell him. And what did he do? He ordered his soldiers to kill all the little children in Bethlehem, sure that Jesus must be one of them. What a bloody day must that have been. Poor little babes! poor mothers and fathers, to have so cruel a king to reign over them. Was Jesus killed? Oh, no; God took care of his Son. He sent word in the night, by an angel, to Joseph and Mary, to arise and leave the town, and take their child to a safe place. They did; they left the country, and did not come back until Herod was dead.

THE WORTH OF A DRINK OF WATER.

"For four and twenty hours," says Mr. Burton, an African traveller, "we did not taste water; the sun parched our brains, and the mirage mocked us at every turn. As I jogged along with eyes shut against the fiery air, every image that came to my mind was of water—water lying deep in the shady well; water bubbling from the rock; water in clear lakes inviting me to plunge and bathe. Now a cloud seemed to shower upon me drops more precious than pearls; then an invisible hand appeared to offer me a bowl, for which I would have given years of my life; but what a dreary contrast. I opened my eyes to a heat-reeking plain, and a sky of that deep blue, so lovely to painter and poet, so death-like to us, whose only desire was tempest and rain-storm. I tried to talk; it was in vain. I tried to think; but I had only one idea—water, water, water!"

For The Child's Paper.

TRUE TO HIS WORD.

"I owe every thing that I am or hope for, under God, to the Sunday-school, and I will devote my life to the Sunday-school cause," said a rough Kentuckian, who, seated in a class beside his own children, first learned to read, then to read the Bible, and then to understand its blessed truths.

In five years from that time he organized four hundred Sabbath-schools in Illinois and Missouri.

"He that plants trees loves others besides himself," says a proverb. Who has ever passed through Northampton, Mass., and seen the noble elms, planted more than a hundred years ago, by that eminent minister Jonathan Edwards, without feeling that a man who provides summer shade for other generations is a true lover of man.

CHILD.

Come, little dog, 't is your master's will
That you learn to sit upright and still.

LITTLE DOG.

Learn must I? I'm so small, you see;
Just for a little while let it be.

CHILD.

No, little dog, it is far best to learn soon,
For later it would be more painfully done.

The little dog learned without more ado,
And soon could sit upright, and walk upright too;
In the deep waters unfearing could spring,
And whatever was lost could speedily bring.
The child saw him useful, and he too began
To learn, and grew up a wise and good man.

For The Child's Paper.

OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN.

Thy Father, little one, and mine
Is he who reigns above;
Thy prayers and mine he deigns to hear
In mercy and in love:
Thy prayers and mine, dear little child,
He deigns in love to hear;
Oh to his blessed mercy-seat
Let us in faith draw near.

Thy Father, little one, and mine,
All hallowed be his name;
Oh pray thou that his will be done
In earth and heaven the same.
Thy Father, little one, and mine,
Pray thou for daily bread;
For by his power alone we live,
And by his bounty fed.

Thy Father, little one, and mine—
Forgive, and be forgiven,
That ye may worthy followers be
Of him who reigns in heaven.
Thy Father, little one, and mine—
Temptations press around;
Oh pray, lest ye be led to tread
Upon unhallowed ground.

Thy Father, little one, and mine—
From evil keep us, Lord;
Oh turn our feet in those blest paths
That lead to thee our God.
Thy Father, little one, and mine—
To him all glory be;
To him the kingdom, him the power,
To all eternity!

C. E. R. P.

For The Child's Paper.

THE NEW BABY.

[For the littlest ones.]

Mary waked up in the morning, and found herself in bed with her papa in another chamber. "Only you and me, papa!" she said, looking all around; "where is mamma?" "A little baby sister came to us last night, and mamma is taking care of it, and nurse is helping her," said papa. "Did God bring it?" asked Mary, turning her large eyes full of wonder to papa. "God gave it to mamma," said the father; "God is good." "Did he give it to us to keep?" asked Mary. "He gave it to us to bring up for him," said papa.

After they were dressed, papa led Mary to mamma's room. Mamma lay in bed. Mary walked very softly. Nurse opened the clothes, and what did she see? "Oh," cried Mary, clapping her hands together, "mamma's doll! a live doll!" She took baby's hands and counted the fingers—one, two, three, four, and one thumb; and she felt its little foot—one, two, three, four, five toes, just as many as she had; warm toes, like hers. Mary said dolls had no toes, and no *warm* toes; she knew it was not a doll. "It is a live baby," said papa, "just as Mary was when God brought her to mamma."

"And has it eyes, and will it wink itself?" asked Mary; "I wink my doll's." Papa said it would wink itself, and that was another proof it was a live baby; babies wink their own eyes. Baby was asleep then, and Mary could not see its eyes. She then kissed it and dear mamma, and went down stairs to breakfast very happy. "God is good to send us a baby," she said.

After nurse went away, papa went back to his bed, and Mary thought she was to have her place in her little crib by mamma's side. Mary liked to sleep in the great bed with papa, but she loved her own little crib best. "Baby is to sleep in the crib now," said her mother, "and Mary will go in the little chamber, and sleep with Hannah." What did Mary say? She ran up in a corner, and turning her face to the wall, began to cry. "What is the matter with Mary?" asked her mother. "What is the matter with Mary?" asked her father, who that moment came into the chamber. "I's no mamma's lap; I's no my crib; I's no nothing, now baby come," said Mary in the corner. "I's nobody." Papa took her in his arms, and placed his little girl in his lap. "Did we not take good care of you when you were a baby, Mary?" asked papa. Mary nodded her little head. "And ought we not to take just as good care of this poor little baby?" Mary nodded again. "Are you not willing to help us take care of it?" he asked again. "And if I don't, will the angels?" asked Mary. "The angels would be very happy to give up their places to take care of this dear helpless baby," said papa; "they love to do God's will." "I better not let them," said Mary, after thinking a little while. "God sent baby to *us*, and she may have mamma's lap and my crib till she is big enough." "And then," said mamma, "Mary and her sister shall sleep in one little bed together." Mary dried her tears and went to sleep, all the happier, thinking how her crib was almost full of a sweet little sister, and she thanked God that he was good enough to give her one to put in it.

For The Child's Paper.

THE NEEDLE.

Boys sometimes think it takes a great deal of drilling to make them men. They wish they could get out of the shackles. Perhaps it does. But how many things do you suppose have to be done to a bit of steel wire before it makes that simple little tool called a needle, and puts it into the market? Can you guess? Seventy; yes, seventy processes are necessary in the manufacture of a needle. Can you wonder then that, "in making a man of you," you are subjected to a great many hard rubs? It is this drilling which strengthens and weighs and tempers and polishes you for manly work in the world.

For The Child's Paper.

TWO FATHERS IN HEAVEN.

"Mother," said a little girl whose father had died, "when I say, '*Our Father who art in heaven*,' does it mean my father that is dead, or God?" The mother explained as well as she was able the relation which each bore to her now, and that when she said, "Our Father who art in heaven," her prayer was to God, who was able and willing to take her one day to the same heaven to which her dear father had gone.

"Then I have *two* fathers in heaven, haven't I, mother?" The mourning mother could not answer her, but wept as the little girl continued, caressing her baby brother as she spoke, "Johnny, we haven't any father here now, but we have two fathers in heaven. We will be good, wont we? and then we shall go there some time."

"Mother," she asked again, "when I am dead, will you put roses where I am buried too? Oh, wont father be glad to see me! and he will say, '*Here's my own little Hattie again*,' wont he?"

She had been accustomed to go with her mother to tend the flowers by her father's grave, and often carried her own little offering of simple blossoms to strew them, and she desired that her own grave might be thus adorned.

Perhaps most of my little readers have still dear parents living upon the earth. Then *love them, obey them, prize them while they are spared to you*, and ask God daily in your prayers to prepare you and them for a joyful reunion in that home where there shall be no more sickness or sorrow, and where parting and death are unknown.

Selina.

A SHORT SERMON.

Now, children, if my watch has lost its mainspring, where shall I go to get it mended? To the tailor's? No. To the blacksmith's? No. To the watchmaker's? Yes. Why? Because he makes watches, and knows how to mend them. Now, if your hearts are bad, where will you go to have them healed? To your parents? No. To the priest? No. To Jesus Christ? Yes. Why? Because he made the heart, and knows how to heal it.

For The Child's Paper.

Be gentle; much good is done by kindness. When you are troubled sometimes, do you not find yourselves made happier if some one asks you pleasantly, "What is the matter?" and tries to comfort you? Then when you see others sorrowful, try to help them. If they are angry with you, answer them kindly. If they have tried to injure you, do some good act in return, and every one will love you, and more than all conscience will whisper, "That is right."

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